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GYRE

FALL 1968
LONGWOOD COLLEGE
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA
VOLUME 4, NUMBER 1
1968-1969



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FROM THE EDITOR

The GYRE staff invites all new and old students to enjoy three issues of the literary magazine again this year. Besides the enjoyment of just reading the GYRE, you can also be a part of it by contributing your literary or art works. Not only does the staff invite creative poetry, short stories, essays, art work, and book reviews, but also it invites students to submit their opinions on "current issue" topics, such as politics and other important happenings in the news.

During the past year, the GYRE staff has been traveling, and receiving several awards. Last spring, the editor attended the Columbia Scholastic Press Association Convention at Columbia University in New York City. Journalists from all over the United States gathered together to share literary ideas and ideals. Later, ratings were given, and the GYRE received a MEDALIST award with 927 points out of a possible 1000 points. This fall, Joan Harrup, the assistant editor, attended the Associated Collegiate Press Convention at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. At this time, the GYRE received a FIRST CLASS rating which is just below the highest possible rating—ALL-AMERICAN. Needless to say, this could not have been possible without the many contributions of the Longwood students.

These awards have given much excitement to the staff, but they have also initiated more incentive for the production of an even better magazine. With this thought in mind, the staff publishes this, the eighth issue of the GYRE, and dedicates it to the class of 1972.

B. K. H.

UNIVERSAL HARMONY

He was born a lamb,
But grew up with lions.
He has been called many things,
But Love is his name.

War is a game
Taught to children by adults.

He was born a fawn,
But grew up with wolves.
He was called many things,
But Tolerance is his name.

War is necessary
Because we are two-legged animals.

He was born without,
But grew up with.

He was called many things,
But Endurance is his name.

War is in the mind
Of the two-legged creatures with four legs.

He was born with eyes,
But he lived with the blind.
He was called many things,
But Understanding is his name.

War is a way to appear
To be what we are not and to stuff ourselves.

He was born with hands,
But he lived with fingers.
He was called many things,
But Patience was his name.

War will end for the living
One day if any living beings can be found.

He was born a child,
But he grew up with adults.
He was called many things,
But Peace is his name.

Sharon Collins



THE KALEIDOSCOPE

Kitt Rogers

I looked through the hole in the vari-colored tube and I saw a million points of color, a beautiful and intricate pattern as complicated as life itself. I looked up and the circle of different faces around me made up the kaleidoscope that was my own life. The individual features of each face which were ugly and beautiful at the same time were dear to me because they were my friends. They laughed at my intense expression and I held their laughter to my heart.

Suddenly I looked up and the hands of the clock commanded me to run. Outside the wind pulled at my hair and my coat, and icily cut to my skin. Later I knew it held back from what was to come. The clouds hovered low and the icy, spicy smell of the freshest air said "snow." I grinned up at the glowering face of the sky and laughed at the thrilling wind as I ran and ran to the gate and into my house. The heat hit me full in the face as the door slammed behind me and the happiness that was there enveloped me in its affectionate

embrace. The stairs wound gracefully and familiarly upward to my room and I felt love all around, in every corner of this most marvelous of homes. The smells of dinner cooking reached me in a very short time and I was compelled to race down to the kitchen to find the origin of all those marvellously mouth-watering odors. Another point of light was added to the kaleidoscope of my life as my mother's beautiful face smiled into mine. Her brown-blond hair was streaked with silver and her deft hands, the same ones that had held me to her breast when I was an infant and cuddled me when I cried as a little girl, stirred my favorite soup.

I stepped into the dining room where the familiar candles lit the table. Their steady glow made the room a lovely, personal place, seemingly impenetrable to the demons of doubt, sorrow or mistrust. The eyes of my parents reflected this same quality as they sat down for the evening meal. Their trust in me was implicit and for good reason. I had never given them more than a moment's worry and I was infinitely proud of their trust which I had cherished since I was old enough to know the meaning of the word.

The next day dawned colder than ever and the heaviness of my winter coat weighed me down like the burden of sorrow. The air nipped at my face and my hands grew numb inside my gloves as I walked through our town. I felt very alone that day for my friends could not accompany me on my weekly trip to town. The day was waning and already the freezing flakes of snow had begun to plummet from the sky in ever-increasing numbers as I passed the bright shop win-

dows. Ordinarily I never stopped at any of the stores but for some reason I was drawn to the jewelry store, partly to escape the bitter cold and partly to look at a very beautiful watch, of which a friend had remarked earlier. I walked inside the shop and immediately went to the display where I could see the watch. The diamonds around the face of it glittered wickedly and seemed to flame before my eyes. I looked up and found the shop to be nearly deserted. I looked again at the watch and its hands seemed to icily embrace me. . . .

I hurried back down the street, the watch safe in the pocket of my coat. The world was a cold, hard place and the steaming breath of passers-by whirled and swirled about as I made my way home.

I was safely in my room before I removed the watch from my pocket and gazed again at the gaudy glitter of its diamonds. I looked at my face in the mirror on the wall and the softness had disappeared from my features. A cold, hard countenance with narrowing eyes looked back at mine. A scream started in my throat but I covered my mouth with my hand before it could emerge to shatter the heavy stillness of my room.

No longer could I find joy and trust in the eyes of my parents, for their gazes seemed to sear through to my soul where my terrible secret lay. No longer could the smiles of my friends delight me for their smiles seemed to say that they knew what I had done. I gazed into my kaleidoscope and it

was utterly black for night had come and no light could enter.

My soul grew cold with fear and guilt and my sleep grew restless. My heart was bursting with emotion for they all knew. I was sure that they knew even though I had not told them. How could I stand to live with my parents, whose trust in me must have been utterly shattered, and my friends, whose every expression seemed to taunt me?

The cliff near my house is one of the most restful and beautiful places in the world. The water that caresses the rocks catches the light on a fine day and the reflection of the sun seems to make the water a sea of precious gems. Today I walked to this place, the one spot where I had always been able to find complete solitude when I needed it most. It was cold and the earth under my feet was a block of iron. The trees that lined the cliff were bare of leaves and the wind lashed the water below into a frothing frenzy. I could find no peace in this place today. Tears made crooked paths down my burning cheeks as I savagely tore the watch I had been afraid to wear from my pocket and dashed it to bits on the rocks below. I was helpless with guilt and shame as I stepped closer to the edge and observed the merciless crashing of the waves against the rocks. . . .

It is spring and the trees are warm with new life. My house looks the same but is enhanced by the beauty of the flowers that bloom profusely in our garden. My room is dark and the door is eternally locked. My kaleidoscope gathers dust in the somber corner where I dropped it months ago.

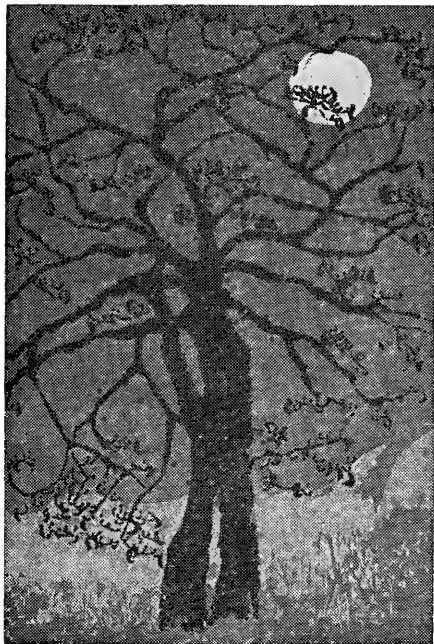
Love
Is a squirrel
Cutting nuts on a limb—
It
Is a jar of sand
From Cape Cod—
A boy
Trying to grow
Taller than me—
A now-wilted carnation
From the table this Sunday—
The yellow dandelion
With tiny hoppy-bugs—
The little sister
I chose three days ago—
It is the brook gurgling
As it ripples over rocks—
It is the twinkle in your eye
When you've outfoxed me—
It is, well, . . . It just is.
Aren't YOU glad?

Tulita Owen

July 28 and Irregular Intervals Thereafter

One tear
That's all, just one.
It trickled down my left cheek
Slowly
Before I brushed it away.
The world expected more.
Grief is private.

Margaret Webb



Winter

the blending of beautiful white
and the stagnation of what
could have been.

Spring

the budding excitement of Beginning
and the desolate thoughts of
frustrated Happiness desires.

Summer

the warmth of a beach and a love
and the strength of the sea
washing away what was.

Fall

the colorful coats of Happy trees
and remembering a plan which
could have been.

and we continue to enjoy and dismay
to laugh and cry
we—forever longing for another day
and forever wondering why.

Donna Barnes

INTRODUCING DEAN HOLT . . .

Miss Jo Holt joined the Longwood College staff in September as Assistant Dean of Students. In answer to questions from the GYRE staff, she commented on matters professional, academic, and social. Miss Holt is a native of Illinois. She attended and holds degrees from the University of Illinois and Northwestern. Before joining the Longwood staff, she taught school in Suburban, Ohio and was a counselor at Cambridge High School in Cambridge, Ohio.

Q. Dean Holt, you were once an elementary teacher. Was there any particular reason you changed to administrative work?

"No. I taught first grade because I had never been in the classroom as a teacher. My previous experience had been in supervision. I had never sat behind a desk as a teacher. I thought if I was going to be working with other teachers, I had better have some experience in teaching. I taught first grade for three years and loved every minute of it, and would go back into it tomorrow."

Q. Do you think that Longwood should limit its education strictly to teachers?

"Absolutely not. I couldn't be more emphatic than that. Teachers must first be scholars and secondly teachers. Since they must be scholars, they must have the widest breadth of liberal arts education. I would like to see all of our teachers get a liberal arts degree with sufficient hours in education. Then the education emphasis could come through an M.A.T. degree."

Q. In your travels is there one particular place you liked best?

"Oh, I find it very difficult to draw comparisons between best and least. I've traveled all over the United States and the western provinces of Canada. I also traveled through

the Middle East two years ago. I don't think I could say any place I particularly liked the best. If I felt contentment, I probably felt the greatest amount of contentment in the grandeur of the Rockies in northern Canada."

Q. What do you think are the advantages and disadvantages of a small college in comparison to a large university?

"The obvious advantages of a small college is that everyone gets to know everyone else. There are more face-to-face relationships with students. There is a better chance to speak intimately with their professors and with the policy makers of the college. There is a chance for greater discussion, and in some ways a chance for greater growth.

On a large campus, there are larger budgets making the procurement of professors and the endowment of permanent chairs a major contribution to academic excellence. There is a larger library contributing to greater research plus much larger curricular offerings. Also, I think it depends on where the university or college is located. Does a student wish to go to an urban area, or does she wish to come to a rural area like Farmville? What is she looking for in an education? This is all part of a choice that the student should have. Thank goodness we have that choice! Whatever the student's interest happens to be, someplace in the United States there's a college that fits that particular interest."

Q. Having attended a university, do you find the academic atmosphere here at Longwood different?

"Yes. I think students who attend large universities (by this I mean the mega-universities that have forty or fifty thousand students) are much more on their own to do their own learning and research. I think, therefore, they're probably more sophisticated and more grown-up. Also, one who attends a large university probably will not come in contact with all the people in her own major department. This accounts for quite a bit of difference."

Q. Dean Holt, since you attended a coeducational school, you probably cited many advantages and disadvantages to an all girls' school. Would you please state these?

"First of all, girls' schools and boys' schools as a separation is a Southern tradition. I am not from the South, and I did not grow up in the Southern tradition. However, we had very fine girls' schools, very excellent ones in the North. The Seven Sisters or schools similar to that are quite obviously the prestige schools of the East. Coming from my background, I never had a chance to go to one of those schools. I couldn't have afforded it in the first place. In the second place, I couldn't have afforded to get back and forth, let alone to pay

the tuition to get in. Scholarship money was not nearly as available then as it is now. So, I went to the university in my state. Like many of you, I chose to attend a state supported institution. I'm not saying that because I chose it negates the fact that a girls' school might not have been just as good. I happened to choose the other because I thought it would best suit my educational aspirations. I think there are many girls who feel quite the contrary. They feel that living only with women and being in a women's institution will offer them a better education. I again go back to what I said before: thank goodness there are all kinds, so people can choose whatever kind they wish. There are, however, certain circumstances that influence a girl to attend an all girls' school. For instance, the big state university like the University of Virginia is 90 percent male, and most of the women there are graduate students. I'm sure this is going to change, but I think it precipitates the choice of going to one of the three women's schools. The very structure of the university influences the student's choice. I would pose these questions: What if the structure wasn't this way? Do you think as many girls who choose to be teachers, would go to a women's institution if they had a comparable coeducational institution available?

The obvious disadvantage of a female institution, of course, is that there are no men. You become a suitcase school; you go to the men every weekend. When every Friday night comes, there is a mass exodus. You either go to the surrounding institutions that have men, or you go home to boyfriends.

I think this has a tendency to lower the class spirit and school spirit. I would say that this is a definite disadvantage brought about by the segregation of the sexes. On a coeducational campus most of the activities are centered on the campus unless you happen to be pinned or engaged to someone going to another school. Most of your contacts, however, are made at the school where you go; therefore, you are on campus for weekends. I think the basic disadvantages are probably social ones rather than academic ones."

Q. What are the qualities of a good teacher?
"Scholarship, sincerity, empathy."

Linda Matthews

LINES

Written in a Fit of Despair

Anger surges upwards from his dark cave,
Cracking his seething whip across the backs
Of fiery stallions, who with flattened ears
And gleaming teeth attack the unoffending
Earth beneath. He flings his barbed darts
At those around him, caring not on whom they fall.
The gates of Hades open wide
As with a rush, he, devil-sent, ascends
The lower regions of that great chamber
Without which life could not exist,
Stamping out affection, crushing love,
Thrusting reason aside, disregarding
All but Passion, with whom he mixes
And creates Hatred.

Jenny Young



TOO SOON

Linda Long

She peered into the grayness, barely outlining first the bureau, then her husband's form as he stood before it. He became clearer to her—the broad shoulders, the stout chest—all his. She felt odd at times like this, with the children in another world, and the world itself out of her mind. It seemed, then, as if he had always been, almost as though there had never been a war. Impossible. She knew it, but that's still the way she sometimes felt.

"The war? Really four years? Yes, a long, long time—like twenty, with too few letters and far too many changes."

She tried not to think about it. Daytime was easier. The baby had started walking, so close attention was cheap; and, with everything else to do in the apartment, there just wasn't the time to think like that. Only in the quiet, very intimate moments—that's when she wrestled with more than he ever suspected.

The light from the bathroom spilled under the door crack, and she could hear the running shower.

"He'll be a while. Ten minutes."

She paused. A puzzle came into her mind, a teasing one that she decided to explore.

"How many ten minutes fit into four years? War years? Any years? What comparisons. It's just time . . . yes, time."

"Time" brought her backwards. It was a new puzzle now. Old words, the pieces of dead conversation, began fitting together, echoing in chambers even she believed her memory had safely locked for good. During the war, early in the first year, it was Larry asking her:

"How's the baby?"

"Quiet. She coughed all day and wore herself out I guess."

"Now what?"

"Checking Billy."

"Well, hurry it up. It's January, not July."

But she still took all the time she needed to see that Billy was properly covered. Yes, and that the vaporizer in his room was still running smoothly. She remembered slipping back into bed and under the covers which were so warm that the chill of the open rooms left her body with a shiver. Then the silent minutes passed. Half an hour. She could still recall how the baby sounded, coughing again and rattling the sides of the crib.

"Nancy, no."

"Larry . . ."

"O.K. But make it a fast check this time—the last time."

The tone of his voice had changed, and she obeyed it.

"Nancy, I . . . I went to bed with one idea in mind, but since the baby first woke us up I've been thinking again. Now, well, I can't sleep, can't put it off and wait like I'd planned."

It was then that she knew it was serious. The deliberate forcefulness in his voice returned to her, still very real in her memory's ear.

"I'm leaving sooner than we expected."

Silence.

"Nancy?"

"When?"

"The orders came through yesterday, and I went right—"

"When, Larry? When?"

"I'm trying to tell you, dear. Tomorrow. On the train. I've already . . ."

She saw herself all over again—not even listening anymore. She had fallen back into the pillow, turned away from him, every muscle pulling. She had to stop the tears. She remembered staring at the little light in Billy's room across the hall. She remembered how it seemed to melt as her vision silently sank into pools. She blacked it out, squinted hard.

And the drops fell down her cheeks into small spots of wetness on the soft white pillowcase.

"Nancy . . . Nancy?"

"I-I'll have to pack for you."

"No, dear, I've told you. I've already packed. It wasn't much, and . . . and you'd really be proud of my folding job—shirts and all, honey."

"Where is it?"

"Just one duffel bag in the hall closet."

"No, no. Where is it they're sending you?"

"Nancy, you haven't been paying the least bit of attention. I'm going to Washington first, then to Camp Luna, New Mexico. And later, well, I guess it'll be overseas. We both knew I wouldn't be stationed here for the duration. Come on, Nancy, you knew this would come sooner or later. Tomorrow, a week from now, a month or a year."

And her reply? How strange that she could recall her own voice quality so perfectly.

"But tomorrow! O God, Larry, tomorrow is too soon."

"Anytime would have been too soon. Remember that, Nancy."

So, there she had it—all the words together again—still, after all that time. The shower stopped, snapping her attention to the lit doorcrack. She wondered, staring at the crack as she had at Billy's light, if she could go back now, would

she have said anything different. Like, maybe: "I'll leave the children with your mother . . . only let me go with you, at least as far as Washington. Please, Larry!"

"Why think about it? Forget it. But I can't. Then other women, some have, I suppose. I can't be the only one."

The door opened, surprising her. A silhouette appeared, but it vanished the instant the light was cut off again.

"Nancy?"

He couldn't know what thoughts he was breaking upon, what the flashback had been. What did he know of the old rerun movie she played?

"Thought maybe you'd already be asleep."

She couldn't see him until he crossed the window. Then, when the bed responded to his weight, a chill came over her.

"Why? Why? It's not fair to him, and he doesn't even know!"

No, it wasn't fair; and she would blame it on the war. Of course. The war had killed Larry; God knew she didn't. Then she would tell herself that he was dead, that she was here and alive. And could Larry have found it so strange that she love again?

"No. Oh, no. But . . . it's only when I think like that. But . . . why should it be too soon? Is it? Anytime? Too soon, like Larry had said? He had, hadn't he?

ICICLES

Icicles shaking in
the wind, melting,
dripping, drops
descend, boring
tunnels in
the snow.
From the
funnel's
end
they
90.

Tricia Shaw



GOD

God is the Sea
The woman you love
But fear to touch.
The man you sit beside
Yet fear his strength.
God is the Sea
marry Him.

Sharon Collins

KNOWIN'S ONE THING . . .

When I was a little kid, I 'member gran'pa comin' to visit. I could see far, clear to the end of the road where our mailbox was. I was five then, but I kin still see how me an' my brothers run to meet gran'pa. He always brung us something from the city; he knew we liked city things, us livin' out in the country an' on a farm an' all.

My Gran'pa, he knew a bunch o' things jest by instinct. With nobody tellin' him nothin'.

Every spring gran'pa took us over to the meadow; we always went there with him. O' course me an' my brothers played there all the time, but when we went with gran'pa it was diff'rent. I noticed things. Gran'pa showed us how to make a kite tail with big elm leaves. He never said nothin' 'bout things bein' beautiful. That was sissy stuff.

Gran'pa knew that good 'nough.

Gran'pa useta' walk down to the lake with all the guys. Some grown-ups might o' thought boys wouldn't like that—comin' to Our lake. We never told gran'pa it was o.k. 'cause he never asked.

He knew things by hisself.

My Gran'pa was awful funny, an' when he came to the lake we didn't even go swimmin'—'less it was a hundred degrees. We jest laid in the shade an' listened to gran'pa tell funny stories. All the guys tol' me an' my brothers how funny an' great gran'pa was.

I loved the way gran'pa was so funny.

Ma told me that when people git old they can't work good. That's why gran'pa was gonna live with us—'cause he was old. That's what she said.

I knew somethin' though. I knew gran'pa wasn't old, an' I knew he wasn't gonna live with us. He didn't say so jest at first, but I knew.

Well, gran'pa took ol' man Kern's place a mile down the road from us. It was perfect for one man. My gran'pa took an' cleaned that place like you would not believe. He never touched it with no paint, but it was like a club house any guy would o' liked.

To be livin' so close, gran'pa didn't visit much. We should o' gone to see him more. That was too long a walk for gran'pa.

Gran'pa was lonely that year.

When I did go visit gran'pa, he was diff'rent. He looked sad or somethin'. He talked 'bout what we useta' do when he came to visit.

That ol' house o' gran'pa's was covered with his handmade stuff. His rugs he made carpeted the floor, an' his own painted pictures was all over the wall. He even crochayed shawls, but it wasn't nothin' sissy 'bout it. Nobody never had to teach my Gran'pa nothin'.

He learned everythin' by hisself.

It was three weeks before I saw gran'pa agin. It was in August, an' me an' the fellas was gittin' a cool drink in the kitchen. Gran'pa came in all smilin' an' happy. The guys was glad to see him agin. They didn't say so, but I know gran'pa could tell.

I was so proud o' my Gran'pa.

It was real late when gran'pa left to walk back to his house, an' he was jest as happy as he useta' be.

My oldest brother was sixteen an' I never seen him cry 'til ma told us 'bout gran'pa gittin' hit by a truck. He cried like a baby.

I guess everybody loved gran'pa as much as me.

Gran'pa's leg was hurt bad, an' I still hate the truck driver. I never even seen his face either.

Gran'pa wasn't talkin' much after he got hit. His face was scabby from fallin' on the street, an' he looked kind o' sick. I wondered what it was like bein' so happy an' then gittin' all bashed up.

I couldn't never o' asked him though. I never said nothin' 'bout it to gran'pa.

Then gran'pa got better. It only took him 'bout three weeks to be "good ol' gran'pa" agin. He made friends in his hospital room, but then them stupid city doctors moved him to another ward. It made gran'pa real sad.

That made me wonder if gran'pa cried everytime he got lonely.

My Gran'pa wasn't no pouter, though. He jest made new friends. His room sounded like one o' them Bob Hope soldier shows. Gran'pa joked 'bout his leg brace an' how clumsy he used crutches. Gran'pa thought it was a joke when them doctors said he had cancer, an' he kidded the nurses 'bout bein' allergic to isolation when they put him in a single room.

It wasn't funny. Old people git lonely quick. I guess some-thin' like bein' in a hospital can make ya' sad an' really old.

That killed gran'pa's will power.

All he talked 'bout was how sick he was. Gran'pa never

did nothin' like that before. Complainin', I mean. My eyes got all teary the last time I saw him.

He looked like an old person.

I don't like the way they make dead people look so fakey. Gran'pa looked young agin, but I could see make-up. I wanted to look at him, but they made me go to the room where the family sit. They closed his casket.

I never saw gran'pa agin.

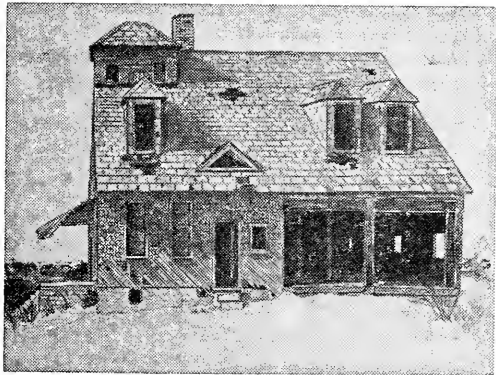
Gran'pa got the best spot in the graveyard. Right by a lake an' under a big shade tree. He likes it, I bet.

My Gran'pa is gone now, but I talk to him a lot. I visit him a lot. I love him. I never said so, but gran'pa knew.

Donna Barnes

I, me, mine
A blessed lovely trio
Alas, through life
No toil, no strife
I worship
Solo Mio.

Rachael Paschall



ODE TO MORNING

It's morning . . . I know because the dog next door
is barking at the cars—one, two, three—as they go by.
Someone should make him stop . . . but no one ever does . . .

It's morning . . . the floor's cold . . . I burned the toast.
My steps echo the sound of the day passing . . . Click . . . Click . . .
people stare as if they had never heard such noise.
I bury my head in the newspaper . . . riding the subway . . .
they stare . . . all of them keep their eyes fixed on my form,
to whisper behind my back . . . behind closed doors . . .
they know.

Click . . . click . . . click . . . click . . . silence.

Loneliness creeps in on all fours and opens the door to . . .

click . . . click . . .

Pain eats away at my thoughts. My destination is night.
The darkness removes their stares, and I can breathe
and I can slurp my coffee and undress. . . .

It's night . . . I know because the cat next door
is crying for love . . .
Someone should let her in . . .

But no one ever does.

Pam Richardson

WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

"Hey! Pat!" I called to the tall blonde man ahead of me. He half-turned and I called again. "Pat Calloway!" This time he turned around and caught sight of me.

"Charlie Howle! Good to see you, kid."

I hurried to catch up with him. "Don't call me kid, kid," I told him, laughing. "I'm six years older than you are, son." He smiled, very solemnly for him.

"Where you been keeping yourself, Charlie?"

I shrugged, a flush of pride warming over me. "I was a delegate to the convention." I told him with careful carelessness.

He flashed his Irish grin then gave me a look of mock-awe. "Well, well, well. Charles Taylor Howle, boy politician."

I had to laugh with him. "Not quite 'boy' at thirty-seven, you know. All we did was sit around and talk about who we wanted for governor, picked one and came home. Nothing to it."

He smiled again which made me grin sort of sheepishly. Blast the man! He always managed to make me feel like a gangling adolescent. Struggling to overcome this, I asked, "How'd you spend your vacation?"

A sudden shadow passed over his face and an expression closely akin to pain settled in his eyes. "I don't really know how to describe it," he said, finally. "Walk home with me, though, and I'll try."

As we walked on, I asked, "What's with you, Pat? Suddenly afraid of the dark, in the middle of the afternoon?"

The gloom didn't lift from his face as he shook his head. "No, not the dark," he scowled, vaguely. "I just don't like to go home alone."

As we started to turn down Twelfth Street, I stopped. "You don't live this way," I protested.

He smiled wanly. "I moved while you were gone. Come on."

We walked in.

"I was in my office," he began, "checking with Joe Lyle, my substitute, on last minute questions when the phone rang. 'Hello, Sheriff there?' a strange voice inquired. I scowled as I tried to figure out just who the speaker was. 'Speaking,' I said. There was a chuckle on the other end as the man said, 'Good, I wanted to get you before you left for Florida. I'm going to kill someone if you don't stop me.' He chuckled again. 'And you can't stop me.' There was an abrupt click and I was holding a dead phone. 'I won't be going yet, Joe,' I said, looking at the receiver. 'We have something to do first.'

"Joe and I went on rounds that night but it was hopeless. We didn't even have any idea who he was or who he was going to kill or when he was going to strike. I went home about five a.m. I had just fallen asleep when the phone rang. 'Make yourself comfortable, Sheriff. You won't be much longer! I clutched the receiver as if I had the whisperer in my hands. 'Who are you? Who are you going to kill?' His soft chuckle floated over the line followed by a sharp click. I couldn't possibly sleep after that, so I rose, dressed, gulped down an icy breakfast, and headed for my office.

"Paul Minor was there waiting for me. You do know Minor, don't you?"

I shook my head so he explained further.

"He's the new clerk at the bank. He's there now, as a matter of fact." He gestured toward a second story window on our left.

I followed the gesture and saw a thin man, puffing heavily and frequently on a cigarette. He glanced down and, on catching sight of Pat and me, emitted a muffled shriek as he raced, pale as death, from the room. Pat laughed harshly.

"Little man. Well, as I was saying, I went to my office and found Minor there. 'What can I do for you, Minor?' I asked absently. He just sat there staring at me until I felt distinctly uncomfortable. 'Well,' I asked rather sharply. 'What can I do for you?' He smiled very slowly and replied, 'Nothing at all, Calloway. Nothing at all.' He left me staring after him, curiously, as I stood by my desk.

"Joe came in about nine, I guess, and said, 'You okay, Pat? Look peaked.' I grinned at him, trying to appear at ease. 'I feel pretty peaked, Joe. Not enough sleep, I guess.' The phone shrilled insistently in the brief silence. I just stood and watched it ring until I felt Joe's puzzled gaze on me. I picked it up with a sinking sensation. 'Sheriff Calloway speaking.' A low, familiar chuckle crept over the line. 'Howard Houghes' place, sheriff. Tonight.' He ended the conversation with his usual abruptness. I slowly replaced the receiver and sank into my chair. 'Go on home, Joe,' I said, head on hands. 'I'll take care of this place.'

"An eternity later, the sun dropped beyond the town and the moon rose to find me at Howard Houghes' old place. The setting was perfect for a confrontation. The shadowed half-moon, the lurking patches of gloom spreading from the ancient, deserted house, even the golden-haired hero. And somewhere, lurking in the dark, a killer-to-be was after me."

We stopped walking and stood in the middle of the sidewalk, next to a long, brick wall. "Well," I demanded, impatiently, "What happened then?"

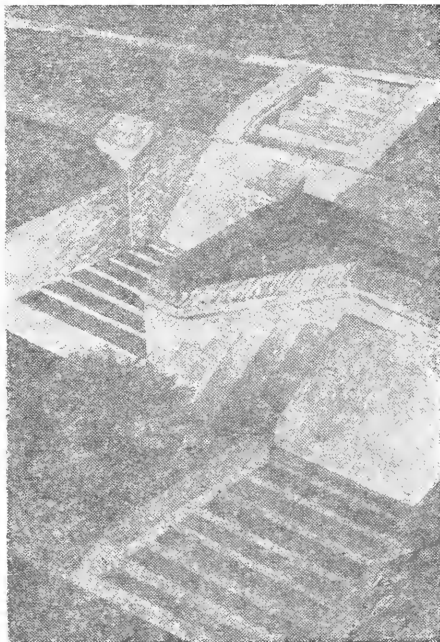
He smiled at me wearily with a look of infinite pain and sadness in his eyes. "I'm tired, Charlie, and we're home. I'd invite you in, but . . ." he shrugged.

I practically stamped my foot like a spoiled child. "Come on, Pat," I said. "You just can't leave me hanging. What happened then?"

He smiled again and the sadness intensified. He said nothing, however. He just turned abruptly and walked, with head bent and shoulders hunched, through the wall.

Like a bird fascinated by a snake, my eyes scaled the solid wall and rested on the sign I knew I'd see: "Riversen National Cemetery."

Louise Dougherty



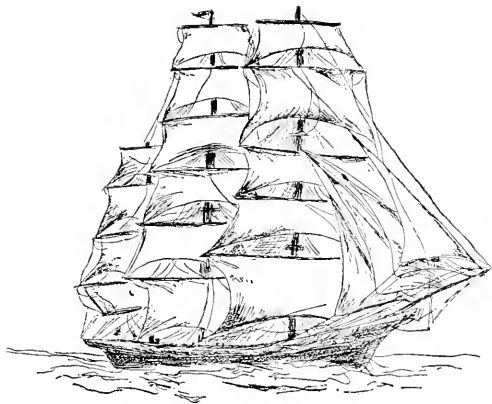
BLUE CHEER

The little shop is called Blue Cheer. You pass by all the other shops on Peace Alley because you see down at the other end a white sign painted in small black letters suspended in the alley air. It is a creative sign. You walk down the summer gritty alley where the sea sounds and traffic sounds of the port city are muffled by brick buildings on both sides, and you stand in front of the shop. The door is open. The dusty glass window that takes up almost the whole front of the store reflects the dim alley lights and the shop is dim, so you cannot see exactly what the wares of Blue Cheer are. Through the open door drifts the notes of a hard rock ballad pleading for peace and love. So you go in.

Posters in black and white or schizophrenic colors cover the walls; Leary, Fonda, Ginsberg, and the American Indian stare down at you; advertising posters for San Francisco's Avalon Ballroom and Fillmore Auditorium; messages to turn you on, blow your mind, and stamp out reality. On a rack hang silk screened dresses of coarse cloth, and fringed frontier jackets. Hand-made leather goods—sandals, belts, pocket-books—clutter shelves along with crafted jewelry of copper and silver, beads, trip glasses, wood carvings, elaborate roach holders, water pipes, and boxes of oriental incense.

On a rough wooden counter is an ancient cash register, and beside the cash register the proprietor of Blue Cheer sits on a tall stool. He is a thin young man, looking as though he never moves very much or very fast, and dressed in levis cut off above the ankles and a dingy tee-shirt. His curly black hair is long and uncombed and it falls over his wire rimmed spectacles. His untrimmed beard looks like coarse licorice-flavored cotton candy, spun out on a machine gone beserk. You look at his small dark eyes and wonder if the lost flower children who come in searching for a place to belong will see in those narrowing pupils love and goodwill instead of dollar signs.

Karla Myers



PEACE

Peace is just before the world wakes up
and just after the night has gone to bed.

Peace is children having learned to sing, but
not yet to swear.

Peace is hands outstretched in friendship before the
fingers curl into fists.

Peace is seeing someone's soul and loving him,
before seeing him with your eyes and hating him.

Peace is standing up tall enough to kneel down.

Peace is cheeks warm with the sun,
before they have become moist with tears.

Barbara Leahey

THE PARTING

As I watch the things you do
I know that time can never change
The personality of you.
For time can only rearrange
Appearance, and in some later
Year, we may meet again
Much changed from what we are.
I hope that I will know you then.

Tricia Shaw

AND THEN

How many tears until happiness?
There are always a few more to cry.
How much peace will I finally have
If I ever stop wondering why?
How many more times will I fall in love?
Could I ever be able to say?
How many dark woods must I wander through
Until I can find my way?
If tears are but rain to make flowers grow,
Then I should have flowers to spare.
And will I collect all the silver
That lined my dark clouds of despair?
I cannot believe that my God of Love
Could let everything keep going wrong;
So when finally I'm able to sing again,
I'll sing you an endless song.

Linda Pelikan

WIDE-AWAKE FALL-I-NESS



Crisp apple bite-i-ness,
Warm sweater breeze;
Witches', goblins' scare-i-ness,
Halloween and kids;
Tickle nose smell-i-ness,
Bright motley trees;
Loud football game-i-ness,
Rattley, dry leaves;
Gay, friendly thank-you-ness,
Pumpkin pie, turkeys;
Crackling fire snuggleness,
Flame red berr-ies;
Hard, brown nut-i-ness,
Quick gray furr-ies;
School-time study-ness,
Soon, tinsel trees.

Edrie Bays

PATRONS

Grant's Shopping Center
Stackpole Components Company, P. O. Box M
State Theater
Farmville Manufacturing Co., Shopping Center
Knit Korner
Moore's Distributing Co.
Farmville Herald
Leggett's
Smitty Electric Co.
Collins Florist
Owen-Sanford, Shopping Center
Gray's Rexall
Newman's
Martin The Jeweler
Esther May Village Shop
Crute's
Cedar Brook Restaurant, Rice Road
Carter's Flower Shop
Baldwin's, Farmville, Virginia
Longwood Jeweler, Farmville, Virginia
College Shoppe
Sherwin-Williams Co.

